

The Historie of

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croffe:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decrec,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.

West. This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,

Stainde

Henry the

Stainde with the variation of each
Betwixt that *Helmedon*, and this fe
And he hath brought vs smooth
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfit
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and
Balkt in their owne blood did fir
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*
And is not this an honorable spo
A gallant prize? Ha, Coosen is it

West. A Conquest for a Prince
King. Yea, there thou mak'st m
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumb*
Should be the Father of so blest a
A Sonne, who is the Theame of H
Amongst a Groue, the very straig
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, a
Whilst I by looking on the praise
See Ryot and dishonour staine th
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it cou
That some night-tripping *Fairy* h
In Cradle clothes, our children wh
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plant ag*
Then would I haue his *Harry*, an
But let him from my thoughts: V
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The
Which he in this aduenture hath
To his owne vse he keepes, and se
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Ea

West. This is his Vnckles teach
Maleuolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe
The crest of Youth against your c
King. But I haue sent for him
And for this cause a while we must
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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